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A MODERN MAORI

A Trip to Maoriland

BY

"PAKEHA MAORI."

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TO MY READERS.

In writing these pages I make no pretensions to literary ability, but will endeavor to take you step by step with me on a jaunt to New Zealand. Australia, etc. Having acted as courier some years since. I will again travel the same route. and with the aid of the reader's imagination. we will enjoy the trip together. I give no distances or dry data. but will simply jump from one place to the other and see and enjoy what there is of it. Trusting the reader will pardon the many faults.

I am. respectfully.

"PAKEHA MAORI."

PREFACE.

New Zealand, the land of the Maori and the Moa, the country in which originally there was not a flower with a perfume or a bird that sang, was one of the most mysterious and desolate lands on this hemisphere. Out of the track of the early mariners it was a great undertaking in the years gone by to reach there, vessels taking six to eight months to reach its shores, where now it can be accomplished in about forty-five days. According to some it was uninhabited till by gales or tribal wars members of the Kanaka tribe (Sandwich Islands) were driven to seek an asylum in this wild and mystic country To bear out that theory the customs of the Maoris and the Kanaka are similar; but, through climatic conditions, they have grown taller and sturdier. As to animal life there was none until Captain Cook, the discoverer, landed some pigs, which fact, no doubt, was the cause of canibalism being practiced. Now, what a transformation, fine cities, large tracts of cultivated land, woolen and other manufactories, gold and coal mining, an immense frozen meat industry, with wool and wheat as a background; in fact everything that goes to make a prosperous country is in full swing. The one thing is left, and will be there for all time, its grand and wildly rugged coast line, for it has that peculiarity, that its interior is sheltered from the rude blasts of gales, as a garden protected by a high wall.

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"OUR STARTING POINT."

A Trip to Maoriland.

CHAPTER I.

It was on the evening of August 18, 1906, that a party were lounging on the piazza of an hotel in the Village of Lake Placid, N. Y., when the conversation turned on where they should go next. All were tired of following the beaten track year after year, when one of the group addressed another, saying: "Jack, old man, you had many years experience in New Zealand, didn't you?" To which the reply was, "Yes, fifteen years, and have travelled it from one end to the other." The result of that answer was the unanimous decision of taking a trip to that comparatively little known country.

After the usual preliminaries had been got over, such as deciding on the route, packing trunks, and not forgetting the all important check book, we started for the nearest shipping point, Montreal (so as to make the circuit of the globe we take this route) where we secured berths on the Allan Liner "Tunisian," which duly landed us at Liverpool; where, after spending a day or two sight-seeing, we took train for London, which was reached in a few hours. Securing accommodation we call at the office of the White Star Line and secured our passages on board the "Coptic," said vessel was to depart the next day for Auckland, New Zealand.

Getting up bright and early we recognize the fact that only now were our travels commencing. Arriving at the Tilbury Dock a busy scene meets the eye; merchandize

of every description, baggage, etc., are piled up in apparent confusion. The noise of the steam winches, the hoarse shouting of the foremen, creating a perfect bedlam of noise. But, when the hour of departure arrived, the whole mass had been swallowed up in the immense holds of the vessel, and only the shrill cry of the sturdy boatswain's whistle is to be heard, with an occasional order from one of the officers of the ship. The ropes are cast off from the pier and we are now steaming down that busy highway, the River Thames, with some 14,000 miles before us.

In a few hours we pass the ancient town of Gravesend and also have a view of the Greenwich Observatory and hospital. By this time we have stowed everything in its place so we decide to take a walk around our floating village, as it might be aptly termed, for there are some 1,200 people on board. The vessel is lit up with electric lights, and as we walk along the main deck, 400 feet in length, it is like walking down a well lit promenade. Peeking through the windows of the magnificently furnished saloon with its swinging tables, library, boudoir, piano and smoking-room, all handsomely decorated with flowers and ferns, the well disciplined waiters flitting hither and thither, and we recognize that we are on a modern high-class floating hotel.

It is with particular interest we inspect the lifeboats, rafts, etc., with a fervent hope that there would be no need of them. We then descend into the bowels of the ship and gaze with wonder at the huge machinery that was needed to propel the vessel through the water; and, just imagine, consuming 300 tons of coal a day for some forty-five days.

After noting everything that was to be seen we take our lay-back chairs and settle down to gaze at the various

points of interest on the coast of old England. Now we are passing close to Beachy Head, with its powerful lighthouse; then we skirt the Isle of Wight, with the Needles light pointing out the entrance to the Solent, the highway to Southampton. Then, in succession, we pass Dungeness and Falmouth; the last glimpse of its shores being the Lizard light, and we are now on the bosom of the North Atlantic, our bow pointing to the southward and nothing visible but a sail dotted here and there on the horizon.

By now everyone feels perfectly at home and rid of that bane, sea-sickness, and turn their attention to the various amusements provided for them. Quoits, tennis (a netting being stretched around to prevent the balls going overboard), hop-scotch, and many other games. Dancing is a favorite form of amusement in the evening, also concerts, lectures and readings in the main saloon, and delightful promenades by the light of the moon (or without the moon) on the decks; where you can lean on the rail and watch the phosphoresent track of the vessel while murmuring "soft nothings" to your companion, that is, of course, if of the opposite sex.

CHAPTER II.

We are now some three days out when the word goes around that land is in sight, to which direction all eyes are turned, and a flutter of excitement permeates the whole community.

We soon espy the high land of the island of St. Vincent, one of the Cape de Verde group, and the officers and seamen are all busy getting everthing in shape for anchoring. Though St. Vincent is generally termed a coaling port, it is a most lovely spot, and has a splendid climate. The anchor had barely touched the bottom when the vessel is surrounded with boats containing fruit, coral, freak fish, grass work, etc , which were sold at reasonable prices. Great amusement was afforded by the diving for coins by a horde of dusky urchins, who appeared to be as much at home in the water as a fish. We would wrap a coin in a piece of paper, throw it into the water, and before it had sank many fathoms one of the number would come to the surface, hold it up for inspection and yell for more. The anchor is hove up to the cathead and we are again under weigh for our next place of call, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

We are now in the tropics, and well we know it. The intense heat and heavy downpours of rain make things sort of uncomfortable; but it would be more so if it were not for the awnings that are stretched fore-and-aft, so that we are out of the rays of the sun and able to walk the deck and keep dry.

We passed the island of Fernandez, a Portuguese penal settlement, and for complete isolation well suited

for its purpose, and were able to discern the white painted buildings in which many unfortunates were doomed to pass the remainder of their lives.

A new source of enjoyment now opens up to pass the time away. Now, you can see the apparently ungainly porpoise playing around the bows of the vessel as if she was stopped, instead of going through the water at the rate of twenty knots an hour; darting from one side to the other, leaping high out of the water, and diving gracefully back into their native element, as if in wanton sport.

There are also the bonita, albercore, barracouta, and the dolphin, the latter when caught changes to all the colors of the rainbow before it gives its last gasp. See them chasing a school of flying fish, leaping out of the water and hurling themselves many feet in advance, as they ruthlessly pursue their prey. The unfortunate flying-fish is in a bad fix; as he leaps from the water and flies in a direct line with the wind (remaining up only so long as his wings, or extended fins, remain wet) to escape the maws of the above-mentioned voracious fish, only to be gobbled up by some feathered enemy or falling on some ship's deck to form a welcome fry for some fortunate mariner. They are about the size and shape of a medium sized herring with glistening scales.

While on the subject of flying-fish, it recalls the story of the cabin boy on his return from his first trip to sea. He is relating to his aged grandmother the various sights he had seen, among them being "mountains of sugar, rivers of rum, and flying-fish." The old lady, after an interval of thought, remarked:

"Well, sonny, I'll believe there are mountains of sugar and rivers of rum; but I'll never believe there are flying-fish." There are many like the old lady, but it is a fact all the same.

"There she blows!" and a school of sperm whales are visible. They are not more than 200 or 300 feet distant, and it was quite an experience to gaze at these huge monsters of the deep as they would lazily rise to the surface and "blow" through their blow-holes and spouting water high into the air, their immense square heads and humps being plainly visible as they wallowed about, then without apparent effort they sank below the wave and are lost to view, to appear miles off in another direction to take in another supply of air, for being warm blooded they cannot exist without it.

A good idea as to the size of these huge mammalia may be formed by the knowledge that a large sperm whale will yield as much as 300 barrels of oil.

CHAPTER III.

We notice that mysterious preparations are taking place, the seamen being particularly energetic, and all wearing an air of secrecy. We are forcibly made aware of the reason the next day, as we are duly informed that we are on the equator (more generally called the line), which meant that all who had not crossed the said line before have to pay toll to Father Neptune, who would arrive on board with all his retinue in the evening for that purpose. This news had the effect of making one of the party, Mr. Cheesman, our photographer, hustle to get his apparátus ready so as to secure a picture of this notable ceremony.

True enough, at "eight bells" of the afternoon watch (4 p.m.) a hoarse cry is heard from the direction of the bows of the ship, and after an answering hail from the officer on the bridge, Neptune with trident in hand (on which was stuck a dried red herring), accompanied by Amphitrite, his wife, and their attendants, clamber over the rail and proceed aft, where they are received by the captain, when after mutual salutations, Father Neptune states the object of his visit—to gather toll from all who had not previously crossed his particular domain. In default of payment the "new chum" has to face the ordeal of being shaved with a large wooden razor, and a lather composed of several ingredients, principally tar and soap; said shave winding up with the individual being tipped backward into a sail stretched out for that purpose and filled with water. Ladies are exempt; but all male passengers, of whatever degree, have to "play

or pay." Most all entered into the rough sport, which lasted for an hour or two, when feeling pretty tired, all get below to change their clothes, while "Jack" goes forward to his quarters to count the spoils and divide pro rata.

In the course of a few days "Land ho!" is again heard and away on the starboard bow looms Cape Frio, some sixty miles north of Rio de Janeiro, where we have to stop for a few hours to replenish the coal bunkers. As we near the land we cannot see an entrance, but soon an opening is seen in the coast line, through which we enter. A gun is fired from a nearby fort, a boat puts off and is rowed toward us, and getting alongside a gorgeous official climbs up the side-ladder. We gaze in admiration at the creation of gold lace and buttons, thinking that we were having the honor of a visit from one of the high officials; but were considerably disgusted to learn that it was simply the custom's officer. After inspection we steam up one of the finest harbors in the world; an inland sea dotted with islands. A magnificent panorama meets our gaze; on the left lies Bota Foga, where the European population reside, with its long promenade and shady trees, through which the electric lights flicker and the music of a first-class band is borne over the harbor, giving one an impression of a veritable fairyland. Further up we pass several forts, only partially rebuilt since the stirring times of the revolution, and are now opposite the main landing of the city. Some decide on a run ashore, but we decide to "do the place" on our way back.

Taking into consideration the manner in which it was done, the coal was put aboard in a marvelous short space of time. A coal barge comes alongside, two stages are run out, up one comes a single file of men,

each with a basket on their head containing about 25 lbs. of coal, which they empty into the hold, then down they go over the other gangway, thus forming an endless chain, and in a short while some hundreds of tons of coal are loaded.

Except by permission no vessel is allowed to enter or leave Rio between sunset or sunrise; but having this the anchor is hove up, when under a cloudless sky and twinkling stars we again pass through the entrance and gain the open sea, our bows still turned to the South, to see no more land until we arrive at the Cape of Good Hope, at which port we arrived in due time; but, after following the course of the late war in the papers and viewed the pictures, it was with only slight interest we gazed upon this truly magnificent bay, with the numerous steamers and sailing craft of every nationality lying at anchor, coming and going from all parts of the globe. Table Mountain loomed above the city and its well kept villas and shaded streets. From the boatmen that swarmed around us we laid in a stock of fruit, etc., but still everyone is pleased to hear the clang of the windlass heaving up the anchor, for now we know that we are on the last lap of our long journey, and that in some fourteen days our goal would be reached. In fact, the preceding travels seemed to pale into insignificance when the thoughts flew to what was to come, and all commenced to count the hours.

CHAPTER IV.

What a difference in the weather to what we have been having. Now, it is almost continually blowing and raining; out-door sports are things of the past; instead, concerts, cards and music are the predominant factors to pass away the time. Here is where the story-teller is appreciated, and can always count upon a large and appreciative audience. When off duty the officers of the ship would join us in the smoking-room and add their quota to the yarns told. Here is a sample of them as told with all due seriousness.

The fourth officer, after duly filling his pipe, told us of an experience that occurred to him on a vessel when rounding Cape Horn one winter. He stated that the temperature was so low that when the captain issued his orders the words fell to the deck in frozen chunks, from where they were picked up, taken to the ship's cook house and thawed out in a pan over a hot fire, thus being made intelligible to the men and duly carried out.

To cap this the "second" averred that he was on board a vessel in the Indian Ocean when a typhoon struck the vessel, and solemnly stated that if the mate had not held the captain's hair it would have been blown off his head. A listener interrupted him and asked who held the mate's hair on; receiving the reply: "Why, the second-mate, of course." Well, "Who held the second-mate's hair on?" to be met with the reply, "One of the able seamen." So it went on till he had got down to the last man on the ship, the cook. The interrogator then asked with a note of triumph, "Well, who held the cook's hair

on?" only to be told that no one was necessary as "he was bald-headed." These and many others help to kill the hours on this dreary and monotonous passage.

The short days and long nights have come and gone and a perceptible difference is to be noted in the demeanor of the passengers; appearance is more studied, restlessness seems to have permeated everbody, and anxious glances are cast ahead, as if in tense anticipation. Inquiry solves the problem; the captain expects to pick up the pilot some time during the next twenty-four hours. And, it is only those who have put in thirty or forty days on a passage can realize the pleasure of hearing that the pilot would soon be on board. When, at last, the pilot boat is sighted, then brought close to the vessel and a wee, small boat put over her side and three men get into it, a hurrah is given by the throng clustered along the deck. And when the said pilot comes up the side ladder, he is almost torn asunder with the handshaking he receives. Smiling benignly on all and handing several welcome letters and newspapers, he ascends to the bridge and takes over the command from the captain, who has brought us thus far safely, and who, I guess, was as glad to see the pilot as the rest of us. Tomorrow morning we will sight Auckland, our first port of call, and all hands, no doubt, will be glad to be on terra firma once more.

Up at break of day we find we are steaming up a tortuous channel, which twists and twines like some huge snake, and in a short time we look upon the City of Auckland, the most northern in New Zealand, and originally the seat of government. Lofty church spires are dotted here and there, towering above the other buildings, for here there are no sky-scrapers. We are now alongside the wharf, at which a fleet of schooners,

mostly local traders; others are discharging coal from Australia, while larger vessels are loading wool, tallow, kaurri gum, hard wood, etc., for all parts of the globe.

Getting our traps together we land, jump into a rig, which drops us at one of the many comfortable hotels, when, after a bath and feed, we sally forth to take a look around. Strolling up Queen street, one of the principal thoroughfares, we find it replete with up-to-date buildings, presenting stores with well displayed goods and altogether modern. A number of the streets are paved with scoria or lava, which is got from some nearby extinct volcano.

After visiting all points of interest we turn our steps toward the wharf to visit the warehouses, and to inspect the celebrated kaurri gum, about which we had heard so much. Accompanied by a resident we enter and look upon a busy scene; huge heaps of amber-colored substance, in all shapes and sizes, lay scattered around. A number of men are busily scraping the dried earth from it; then it is taken to another department where experts grade it, and it is finally packed in cases for shipment, the bulk of it going to New York, where it is turned to various uses. Like amber, it is clouded or transparent according to quality.

It was with great pleasure we accept the offer of an experienced gum digger to accompany him on a trip. His tools consisted of a rod with a sharp-pointed steel end, a swag holding his blankets, a "billy," similar to our "growler," used for all purposes, and a frying-pan to cook his flapjacks. Proceeding quite a distance into the country our friend commenced operations. Walking slowly he kept prodding with his steel-pointed rod, when after covering a considerable distance he struck a hard substance (the gum is found within a few inches of the

surface; said gum being the remains of vast kaurri forests devastated by fire in a bygone era) he stops and scrapes out the mass from its earthy bed, sometimes a large quantity is found, oftener a small one. He puts them in heaps till he has gathered sufficient to pack it to the city, where it is sorted and he receives the current price, with which as a rule he proceeds to enjoy himself while it lasts, when off he goes to seek for more. The life has the fascination of gold digging as well as hardships.

Strolling through the fish market we noticed what appeared to be a heap of broken rock, which turned out to be oysters, said oysters being in clusters of a dozen or more, quite an undertaking for the inexperienced to open them. They have the other kind, too, they term them "mud oysters." Here we likewise see the kingfish, weighing as much as 400 pounds and over. Other fish are plentiful, the schnapper, terokee, baracoutta, horse-mackerel, gurnet, rock cod, flounder, etc. The waters are teeming with fish, and you can fill a basket in short time from any dock with any old tackle.

We now pay a flying visit to the hot and sulphur springs of Tarawera (?). Here are sulpher springs into which you may plunge and come out coated with sulphur, many visit them for various complaints. There are geysers of hot water spouting high up into the air, at their base the mud being in some cases hot enough to cook a potato, seething and bubbling as if over a vast cauldron, which perchance it is. Here we gaze in admiration upon the pink and white terraces (a rock formation), its appearance having been vastly altered just before our arrival by earthquake, ashes being thrown and scattered for miles around, killing all vegetation, but still adding another wonder to this already wonderful country.

CHAPTER V.

Back to the hotel and immensely pleased with what we had seen, we hold a consultation as to whether we go overland or by boat to Taranaki, the boat getting the verdict. So, after a good supper, a smoke and "light" refreshments, we turn in so as to be up early and catch the "Rangatia," said boat not being "fast and furious" but safe—the main object to those in pursuit of pleasure.

We tumble out in the early morn and wend our way to the wharf, where we get on board, and we are again steaming down the crooked channel, every bend opening up a new panorama, a fact, of which our photographic chum, Cheesman, took full advantage of.

In due course we arrive off Taranaki, where there is no harbor, the landing being done in surf boats on a rocky shore and through tumbling surf. So, it being Hobson's choice, "that or nothing," we take our places with the chance of a wet jacket and make for the shore. We land without mishap and bend our steps in company with a guide to visit a Pah (a blockhouse) with its palisades and ditches, where in the past the Maoris kept regiments of the British at bay for a considerable while; but, ultimately had to succumb to modern fighting machinery. Away back of this is the King country, where the bulk of the Maoris live. The late and last king, Tawhiao, prohibited the entry of intoxicating liquors into his domain, which proved his wisdom. The Maori is naturally abstemious, which accounts for their splendid physique and intelligence. In their business transactions they are strictly honest, and in their marital

relations and home affairs they are beyond reproach. Following is a description of a native welcome at the central home of a tribe of Maoris.

As we rested beneath the parapets we were startled by a horrible yell, and round the corner of the stockade appeard a ferocious figure, tattooed, red painted, befeathered and naked, except for a very brief waist fringe of dangling palm fibre. His eyes rolled till the whites only were seen; then he thrust out a long and snaky tongue and grimaced fearfully. Shaking a wooden spear in his hand, he swiftly cast it at us, then turned and rushed toward the village. Just as the spearsman turned one of our young men (a native) who had rapidly divested himself of all but his waist shawl started out in pursuit, and we followed at a more dignified pace. The entrance to the village was barred by a body of armed men, crouching still as death, on one knee, each holding a gun, butt on the ground, barrel sloping toward us. We advanced until we were within twenty paces of the warriors. Then all at once, at a wild cry from a chief on the right, they jumped to their feet, leaped high in the air, with their feet doubled under them like deer, and with one voice literally barked out a thundering chorus. This way and that our martial hosts bounded, brandishing their loaded rifles in time to the chant. Halting abruptly, with an earth shaking thud, they fired a volley of ball cartridge over our heads.

Another volley reverbrated from hill to hill and the bullets whistled over us. Then the brown warriors fell back and a gayly dressed band of women, with green leaves wreathed about their brows and waving shawls and leafy boughs, advanced with a gliding semi-dance and chanted their ancient welcome song. When the women's song ceased out to the front danced six girls—

a group of vividly barbaric, yet not inharmonious, color – appareled in loose crimson roundabouts and short gowns of gorgeously flowered print, their brows bound about with red handkerchiefs, which held in place the black and white plumes of the rare huia bird and the iridescent feathers of the long tailed cuckoo, their cheeks dabbed with red ochre paint, greenstone pendants and shark's teeth hanging from their ears.

These bare footed nymphs, hands on hips and heads thrown back, glided into the measure of a dance to the music of a shrill monody chanted by a white-haired, tattooed old lady. Then all at once the chant ended on an unexpected high note and the performers stopped, breathless and glowing all over with their self evolved emotions. Broad flax mats were spread out for us on the green and after speeches of greeting we were regaled with pork, preserved birds, wild honey and potatoes, in quantity sufficient to have satisfied a starving garrison.

The time allowed us had expired so we return to the boat and get on board highly delighted with our novel experience. The anchor is hove up and away we go for Wanganui, where we just get a glimpse of the town from the roadstead, and we proceed for the place called by some the "garden of New Zealand," Nelson.

The town of Nelson is quite a thriving place, exporting large quantities of fruit and vegetables, besides having several large factories for the making of jam, etc.

After a stay of an hour or two we are again en route, still going south.

Just after losing sight of Nelson we espy the peak of a lofty mountain, Mt. Egmont, whose eternally snow-capped head presents a guide to the mariner from many miles away, and enables him to more accurately place the entrance to Cook's Straits, named after that great

navigator. Passing under its shawdow we enter the straits and now have land on both sides of us; bleak, rugged and weather beaten, but still beautiful in its lonesome and majestic grandeur. We pass numerous headlands and bays with very little in the way of change of scene, except that here and there we see some small coasting vessels hugging the land as they slowly make their way to some hamlet to gather wool or flax to be transhipped to one of the large ocean carriers lying in Wellington harbor.

After some hours steaming our bows are turned toward the land and soon we are entering the heads, or entrance to Wellington harbor, previously known as Port Nicholson. The passage is exceedingly narrow; but as we get through we pass the pilot station, which lay nestled at the foot of a hill, at the top of which was the signal station that flashed the news to the city.

We are now in a magnificent land-locked basin – if you entered during darkness you could look around next morn and not be able to see an entrance—large enough to hold the navies of the world, and with the exception of Sommes' Island in the center, without a rock, undoubtedly the largest natural basin extant. According to Maori tradition it is the crater of an extinct volcano, a reasonable deduction, as up to recent years earthquake was much in evidence. We round the next headland and we behold Wellington, the capital city of New Zealand, a pretty picture; the hills forming a background to the city and the clear blue waters of the bay.

We tie up to the wharf, at which lie a fleet of steam and sailing vessels, all being loaded with wool, hides, tallow, etc.; the larger steamers being specially fitted, taking in thousands of carcases of frozen sheep, etc., for

the English market. At this season so great is the rush that they work nights by the electric light to get the vessels away.

We pack up our traps and proceed to the Royal Hotel at the Thorndon end of the city, where after a wash and a well prepared meal, we turn out for a tour of inspection. We first visit Government House, the residence of the Governor, the House of Parliament, Supreme Court and the Government Building, the latter said to be the largest wooden building in the world, covering an area of two acres. We then take in the Museum, which has a splendid collection of Maori weapons and everything else pertaining to the country. A most interesting exhibit was the skeleton of the gigantic Denornis, or Moa, a bird, the bone of its leg being a great deal larger than that of the biggest ostrich or emu. A few steps and we enter the Botanical Gardens, which lie in a canon at the foot of the Tinakori Hills; these gardens cover an area of about 100 acres, beautifully laid out, and a favorite resort of the people.

We now retrace our steps and wend our way along Lambton Quay with its handsome stores and hotels; up Willis street and we are in Te Aro, the main end of the city, which extends away up the valley from which it takes its name; the residents being mainly composed of the toilers of the community. We take a cursory look at the well appointed hospital and its extensive and well laid out grounds.

Being a long distance from our hotel it was proposed that we drop into a restaurant and eat, and we do so. One of the party picked up the bill of fare, an item on which immediately caught his eye. "That for mine," said he. Being requested to elucidate he pointed out the entry, which read "Colonial Goose." It was unani-

mously decided by the crowd that it would be appropriate to patronize "Colonial goose," and the order was forthwith given. The waiter was not slow in filling the order and we soon had our plates in front of us; but it must have been a mighty large goose, for the amount of breast meat was prodigious, and ne'er a leg or wing on any plate; but it was real good and the dressing was rich, so we fell upon it with sharp appetites. One of the party, hungrier than the rest called for a second helping, asking the waiter for a wing. "A wing," queried the waiter, with a puzzled look on his face. Recollection seemed to dawn upon him, and he gently remarked that the sheep in New Zealand were minus that appendage. In explanation he pointed out to us that "Colonial goose" was a shoulder of mutton stuffed similarly.

Feeling like giants refreshed, we take the road along the water front en route for a pretty little suburb called Oriental Bay, its dainty little cottages perched on the hill side, their boat and bathing houses on the sandy beach opposite; and in the distance the mountain tops with fleecy clouds hovering o'er them.

The road we are travelling skirts the bay for miles, a perfect driving road, cut out of the face of the hill on the one side, the beach on the other. We finally reach the peninsula, a ridge of sand connecting the pilot station with the mainland, and which, according to the oldest Maoris, was at one time the entrance to the harbor. Leaving this behind we arrive at Kilbernie, and climbing up a steep hill get to Newtown, where we find a hotel and take a much-needed rest and refreshment before starting for Island Bay. We wend our way across undulating downs and come to the race track; a gem in the matter of setting. Imagine a nicely sheltered basin, shut in on three sides with verdant hills; on the

other the Pacific ocean gently purling on the beach. In the center lies a splendid oval, railed in, with a track as springy and well kept as a lawn, and no necessity to purchase a grand stand seat, the hillsides seating the multitude with the blue sky as a roof. The only betting allowed is on the totalizator, a betting machine.

While strolling on the shore we witnessed a novel procedure. A man was spearing crayfish (similar in shape to a lobster, but red in color and a prickly shell) from on the outlying rocks, and nothing would do but one of our party must try his hand at it. And he did. Borrowing the spear he started in, his first attempt landing him head first in the "briny," he scrambled out and was the only one who did not see where the laugh came in. He will undoubtedly remember that seaweed on a rock is not a safe footing.

With regret we turn our backs on Island Bay and make tracks for the city, where we duly arrive, tired, but highly pleased with our day. Smoking our pipes after supper we decide to take train on the morrow for the Lower Hutt.

AN EXTINCT MAORI

CHAPTER VIII.

Having made the acquaintance of a gentleman who knew Enoka, the chief of a Maori village at Waiwetu we proceed to pay it a visit. Reaching the Lower Hutt we cross a tract of country called Petone, passing on our way several empty whares (huts) the Maori resident having died, and are not inhabited after, for what reason we were not informed.

Passing one of these whares we noticed a bundle or roll of something lying on the rude piazza. Noticing our attention our guide asked if we knew what that was, and on our replying in the negative, told us to accompany him to the porch. We do so, and to our surprise, he addressed the supposed bundle, and up arose an aged Maori, tattooed all over his face, neck and arms, at first glance appearing most hideous and repulsive, his sole garment being a blanket wrapped around him; he had a piece of greenstone hanging from one ear and another from the cartilege of the nose. Greenstone being the most valued of their possessions in the matter of adornment.

As regard tatooing, it is not what we understand by the term. The Maori, with a sharp instrument cuts a deep and clean incision in the skin, following the lines of the face, nose, neck, etc., then pieces of wood are laid in to keep them open till they dry, when it is blued with a native everlasting dye, and there you are. When a native maiden marries she has her chin tattooed from the lower lip down, which disfigurement she is proud to carry to her grave.

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Arriving at the whare of Enoka, the chief of the tribe, we are greeted with hearty "Tinaqua's," synonymous to our "How do you do." The native fashion of greeting (taking the place of our hand shake) is to rub noses, chanting a little song during the process; but this is waived on the reception of strangers. We had arrived at an opportune time as regard viewing the customs of the natives, as a "tangi" or tribal meeting was in progress, so we had the rare opportunity of seeing the "haka," war and other dances gone through. These dances were not particularly graceful, but make up for that in agility and endurance. Their funeral obsequies are similar to a "wake," the women relieving one another in crooning and feasting.

After a walk through the village we resume our seats and again take the main road, passing through Lower Hutt, Upper Hutt and Silverstream; a well timbered valley, through which the Hutt river wends its way to the sea. Here we were amazed at the size and quantity of ferns, ranging from the delicate maiden hair to a gigantic fern whose stem is used for door posts, and which have the appearance of exquisite hand carving and are exceedingly handsome and unique. People come from all parts to collect these ferns.

We now enter the Mungaroa Valley, and after a drive of an hour or so over a road built through a swamp, we reach the foot of the Rimutaka Mountains. The coach road, cut in the face of the mountain, is eleven miles up and nine miles down the other side. Slowly the horses climb, and after getting well up it requires a strong head to look down into the canyon below, where a large-sized building appeared no larger than a dog kennel; and as there is just room enough for the vehicle the outer wheels, to our eyes, being rather too close to the edge for perfect

safety. In fact, two of our party preferred to walk, as they said they were not taking any chances.

Onward and upward, the horses straining and panting, and when near the summit we enter into a thick mist, which constantly hovers over the mountains at this height; but on reaching a greater altitude we get above this and are at the summit, and what a glorious panorama bursts upon us.

Away down at our feet lay the Wairapa Valley with its cultivated areas and woods dotted here and there; nestling away to the right, at the base of the mountains, is Lake Wairapa, the sun shining on its placid surface creating reflections and colors, as of an immense rainbow. In fact, the whole landscape with its tints of green and gold and many browns, formed a picture that was worth the trouble and expense of the whole journey, and one that is almost impossible to describe, but must be seen.

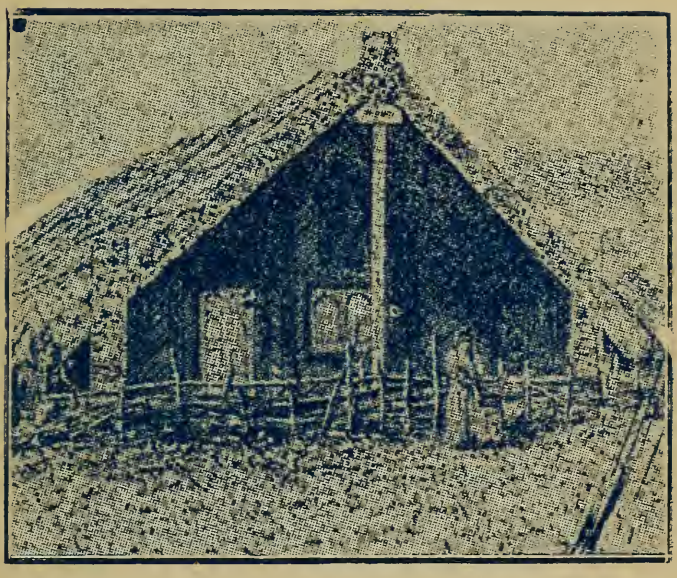
Reaching the bottom without mishap the first village we come to is Featherston, which lies under the shadow of the mountains and on the shores of Lake Wairarapa; but, deciding not to make a stay we push on for the next village, Carterton.

After a long drive and fording a river or two we reach Carterton and put up at the Marquis of Normanby hotel. In this valley we see thousands of rabbits, the pest of this country and Australia. There are millions of them, and, though every means has been tried, it has been found impossible to reduce their number, let alone the extermination of them. Large numbers of men make a living by shooting them and selling their pelts.

We here have an opportunity of taking part in a pig hunt. Starting off in the early morn with the hunters and their dogs, which are of the mastif breed, and most

of them scarred and maimed from many previous battles. The method of procedure was, when pigs were found the dogs rushed in among the herd and each seize a hog by the ear, and hang on till the hunter gets up and shoots it—none to easy a job to avoid shooting the hound—as it is they get many ugly gashes from the "tuskers;" but they are game to the backbone, and will not loosen their hold as long as they have life. After a strenuous and most exciting day we return with the spoils to the hotel and retire early so as to be up on the morrow bright and early to start for Masterton, the principal village in the Wairarapa Valley.

After an early breakfast and a splendid drive we reach Masterton and put up at the Club Hotel, where we take our seat on the broad piazza, light our pipes, and gaze at the Gladstone Mountains, at whose base runs the Gladstone River, which, from a well defined water mark on the cliff side is at least forty feet lower now than in a by-gone age. The Wairarapa Valley is claimed to be the dry bed of a larger and pre-historic Lake Wairarapa.



A MAORI HUT

CHAPTER IX.

Having received an invitation to visit a sheep ranch some miles distant we decide to go on the morrow. It was rather a damper to some of the party to learn that the journey would have to be accomplished on horse back; but all were of one mind and bent on making the trip, even if they had to be tied on.

Up bright and early, the sun just peeping o'er the mountain tops, we hastily make a hearty breakfast and proceed to the yard, many anxious glances being cast at the animals we had to ride; and after desperate efforts on the part of some we are all seated in the saddle, grim determination being visibly imprinted on most countenances, denoting that they do not intend to come off till they were good-and ready; what the horses thought we could not surmise. To add insult to injury a small boy yells out, "Say, misters, hadn't you better get inside."

After some two hours riding we arrive at a handsome homestead, surrounded with paddocks and barns, nestled in a clump of trees, on the lawn in front of which stood our host, who received us in hearty Colonial style, and laughingly consented to Cheesman taking a photograph of himself and dwelling. Entering the house we were supplied with light refreshments and a good "smoke." We now follow our host and proceed to inspect the outbuildings, wool shed, etc. A short walk up the side of a hill and we are on the outer edge of a widely scattered flock of several thousand sheep extending over hill and dale for many miles; and here we

witness a sight, of which we had heard so much, the sagacity and training of the sheep dogs (Scotch collies).

Our host told the shepherd, a bright and athletic young man, to put his dogs (three beauties) to work and round up the sheep. The shepherd, calling the dogs by name, gave his command, and away they go. One dog, called the pivot dog, started running backward and forward in a direct line barking continuously; the other two start in opposite directions, in a half-circle, gradually concentrating them until the whole flock was a compact mass. The dogs worked untiringly, always barking but not biting, unless some more or less unruly sheep persisted in breaking out, then they would nip the animal on the hind leg as a reminder.

Highly pleased with what we had seen we proceed a bit further to the stockyard, where they were going to cut out some stock.

Arriving there we see some hundreds of horned cattle, half wild, snorting and bellowing, and surrounded by a number of "cattlemen," all yelling like Comanche indians. The term "cowboy" is not known here.

There is still another difference, here there is no lassoe, but the rancher uses the stockwhip, which article requires an immense amount of practice to become proficient in its use. Just imagine, the handle is only about 2 feet in length, while the lash is from 20 to 30 feet. In the hands of these experienced men, when it strikes its object it has the effect of a shot from a gun. They pick out the needed bullock which is making a frantic break for liberty, and without apparent effort the stockman uses his whip to flick the nose of that animal with the effect of stopping him in his tracks as if he had been mortally wounded; and so it goes on until they have culled all the animals needed.

Here, also, we were shown a stuffed kea, a species of parrot, that kills a large number of sheep. Its manner of proceedure being to attack the unfortunate sheep by alighting on its back, near the shoulder, plunging its powerful beak into the frightened and quivering animal, which runs in a vain attempt to shake off its foe till it drops exhausted, when the kea tears away its fill of the flesh of the still living animal, then flies off to the hills. These birds are seldom shot, being wary in the extreme.

Parting with our hospitable host we return to the hotel dusty and tired, but well pleased with our day's experiences, and just in time to see a band of Maories rush through the town like a whirlwind on horseback, some horses having two on their back. They rode by yelling and shouting like a band of fiends; and a Maori never lets up on a horse till he reaches his destination, be it one mile or twenty.

Seeing two mounted on one horse reminded me of the yarn regarding the sailors who went to a livery stable bent on taking a horse ride. One of the bunch was deputed to do the hiring. He duly went to the proprietor and tackled him in this manner:

"Say, boss, have you got a long-backed horse to hire out?"

To which query the proprietor replied:

"Well they are all pretty much of a length. Why?"

"Because," explained Jack, "We must have a long-backed one, for there are six of us."

After a bath and a hearty supper we proceed to take a bird's eye view of this pretty little town, for in the morning we will retrace our steps to Featherston and from thence take that wonderful railway over the other side of the Rimutaka Mountains.

Arriving at Featherston we take the cars and commence the ascent of the mountain side, which necessitates a middle, cogged rail, that is gripped by a wheel manipulated by a brakesman in a car constructed solely for this purpose. On reaching the top the brakes are put hard on for the down grade, and the impetous is such that the whole length of cars have blazing boxes, some of them having to be run on a siding at the foot to have new ones put in. The wind rages here, at times, with such force that some years ago a whole train was blown over the declivity and remained suspended from the engine, which fortunately held on. To avoid a repetition of this nature they now attach an engine to each end, even then the gusts from the gullies almost tear the cars from the rails.

A pleasing and apt illustration of the benefits of Government ownership of the railways was the stopping of the train at different points on the route to pick up groups of children and landing them at the schoolhouse some miles away, the guard taking care of them; the same process is repeated on the return, thus enabling all the children in the country to be educated.

Arriving at Petone we visit an immense refrigerating plant, where thousands of sheep, quarters of beef, etc., are frozen for shipment to the other side of the globe. It was a novelty to witness the process; outside bright sunshine and warm weather, inside as if in the arctic regions, the cold air chilling one to the bone. Lit with electricity, you can just dimly see the men carrying the frozen carcases in their arms and loading them into cars for transhipment to the steamer lying at the wharf in Wellington, a none too healthy occupation.

We walk to the Lower Hutt railway station and in a short time we are again walking the streets of "windy" Wellington. Arriving at the hotel we "fix" ourselves up and proceed to the office of the Union Steamship Company and secure our tickets for Port Lyttelton, the first place we intend to visit on the Middle Island, said port being the outlet for the immense grain producing Canterbury plains.

CHAPTER X.

Up with the lark we take our grips and sleepily wend our way to the wharf where we find the steamer ready to cast off. We are soon across the bay and again pass through the "heads" and out into Cook's Strait. Away on our left lies Blenheim, which is reached by ascending a small and shallow river; further along we are abreast of Cloudy Bay, about the only haven of refuge on the south side in the whole strait, and then only safe in certain winds. Cloudy Bay is also a prolific fishing ground. Still skirting the land we come to the French Pass, through which a current rushes like a mill race. In fact, the tide is so strong, that a steamboat may be headed stem on to a rock that lies in the center of the Pass and not be able to strike it, the swirl of rushing water throwing the vessel off as if she was a feather.

Pressing steadily on we pass headland after headland, when at last the open sea is gained and our bows are once more turned to the southward. Along this coast we pass Greymouth and Hokitiki, the seats of vast coal mines and other minerals. Here also lies the 40-mile beach, from the sands of which gold is panned out. Washed in by the ever rolling surf, its source has never been traced. It is generally believed that it is washed down the mountain sides to the rivers, then carried out to sea, to be cast back on the 40-mile beach.

In the early morn we round the headland and there lies Port Lyttelton. It is the height of the grain season, a veritable forest of masts is visible, all being engaged in having their holds filled with the golden grain; others

with tallow, wool, flax, rabbit skins, frozen mutton, etc. The immense quantity of freight to be shipped necessitates the working of night and day shifts, the docks being liberally lit up by electricity for that purpose.

Reaching the dock we land and proceed to wander o'er this quaint little town. Perched as it is on the side of a hill, which necessitated pretty much climbing all the time, and its population catering to its particular class of customers, sailors and firemen, with a sprinkling of fishermen, etc.

Having strolled around and seen all worth seeing we take the cars for Christchurch, to reach which we have to pass through a minature St. Gothard tunnel, cut into the solid rock, and which represents a gigantic feat of engineering; but it brought the City of Christchurch within nine miles of the port, and it was the only means of doing it without crossing over a mountain ridge called the Zig-zag and thence by a roundabout way.

In a short while we get off the cars at a large and handsome station, and we are in Christchurch, the modern Venice (but handsomer still then the Queen of the Adriatic, with its gloomy canals, and tainted and discolored waters). With its two rivers, the Avon and the Heathcote purling their way through the heart of the city and bridged over so as to connect the main thoroughfares, said roads being wide and in splendid condition.

The City of Christchurch is built in a perfect square, enclosed by four belts, as the border roads are termed the North, South, East and West belts, the roads all running parallel from belt to belt, of generous width and with plenty of shade trees.

We now take a guide and first proceed to pay a visit to Cathedral Square, where the cathedral, an imposing edifice stands, with the "Lyttelton Times" office near-by. We drop into Tattersall's horse mart, where you can supply your equine needs, horse, saddle and bridle, from $5 up. Coming out of there we secure a rig and drive up the Papanui road to the place of that name, and to which a line of tramway runs. Passing through Papanui we keep on a well made road and in due course reach Cheney's Corner, a hamlet on the banks of the Waimakaririri River, which like the Mississipi, is constantly changing its banks and course.

After feeding and watering the horses we start on a visit to Rangiora, about 14 miles distance. On arriving we found the town in rather a hard fix. A few days previous there had been a shock of earthquake and all the artesian wells had stopped running, which necessitated their being driven deeper. To return we take another route and pass Sunnyside Lunatic Asylum, with its well kept grounds and noble walks. From this point of vantage we can gaze upon a vast stretch of open plain, dotted here and there with huge stacks of corn; said view being only a glimpse of that large tract of country known as the Canterbury plains.

In the course of an hour or so we arrive at that pretty little suburb, Sydenham, lying on the south side of the South belt of the city, and nestled at the foot of a range of hills that shelters the whole valley from the rude gales that blow from the ocean. Here most of the artizans of the community reside and own their little "patch;" a large number of them being employed on the railroad, whose line of rails form the dividing line of Christchurch and Sydenham.

Leaving here we proceed up Colombo street and enter the city and visit the park, a well laid out and handsomely flowered domain on the bank of the Heathcote, on the bosom of which may be seen the proud swan paddling majestically along, paying no heed to the passing row-boat, in which perchance some swain is pouring "soft nothings" into his companion's ear. It is a glorious sight to stand on one of the numerous bridges and listen to the twittering of the birds, aquatic and land, while members of the finny tribe lazily wend their way up stream, and one is apt to exclaim aloud, "How beautiful !"

It is with profound regret that we tear ourselves away from this halcyon scene, but we have to visit New Brighton, the favorite seaside resort of the people of Christchurch. After a short but pleasant drive we reach and view the endless stretch of sandy beach; so beautiful, but so treacherous. To look at it one would think it was like any other beach; but our guide took us with him to the water line, where instead of a gradual deepening, there was a sheer abyss, with an almost imperceptible current running that would speedily drown the unfortunate man or beast that got into it. It is here that the waters of the Avon and the Heathcote find their outlet. A peculiar fish, considered a great delicacy, is found on these sands after a heavy frost, it is generally known as the Frostfish.

We again make a start and soon get to the foot of the range where we follow the road known as the zigzag, and it is not misnamed. Arriving at the top we behold a splendid panoramic view of Christchurch on the one hand and Port Lyttleton on the other, after a rest we commence the descent and in a short while we once more tread the streets of Lyttleton.

Arriving at our hotel, where after a bath and a hearty supper we adjourn to the smoking-room, and amid clouds of smoke it is decided to start the next morning for Port Chalmers, the port and outlet of the City of Dunedin.

CHAPTER XI.

Somewhat loathe to leave our nests we struggle out in time for breakfast, after which we proceed to the wharf and board the s.s. Tui and soon leave Lyttelton far behind, still going south, and in due course we enter the harbor of Port Chalmers.

Dunedin was originally a Scotch settlement, and retains to this day many of the customs and traditions of that race. It is a well-built city and prosperity seemed to prevail. A great portion of it is hilly; one street in particular attracted our attention, it having a power house at the top which hauled the street cars up the steep incline; a mode of travelling which is all right, no doubt, as long as everything holds. We visited all the principal buildings, parks, etc., then turned our steps for the hotel with the intention of having a good rest prior to starting on our journey for the last city in the southern extremity of the Middle Island, Invercargill.

Leaving Port Chalmers, and still going south, we finally reach the entrance of Foveaux Straits, which divides the Middle Island from the South Island, or Stuart Island, said island being comparatively small and populated mainly by fishermen.

Invercargill is a prosperous city, some miles inland, its seaport being the Bluffs, with which it is connected by rail. We also pay a visit to Lake Wakatipu. As we approach the lake the train winds its way through the "Five River Plains," which takes this name from five streams that pass through it.

Here, the scenery is magnificent, all around us are mountains, the highest peaks covered with perpetual snow. In the distance, higher than all the rest, is one clearly defined against the sky, but oftener veiled by the fleecy clouds that sweep around it.

Returning to our halting place we take a parting look around, almost feeling sad at the fact that soon we will leave the shores of New Zealand far behind; a country we found to exceed in every way what we had heard regarding it, and wishing that we could more fully visit its wonders and beauties; but having seen the principal portions we would recommend others to go and do likewise, and we feel assured that they will be well repaid for their trouble and expense.

As an item of interest I insert the following, being of recent date:

The great Maori tangi in honor of the late Mr. Richard Seddon, Premier of New Zealand (says The British Australasian) was one of the most impressive and picturesque ceremonies ever witnessed in New Zealand.

First, Hori Te Huki, a grey old chief, broke out into a lament, in which all his people joined, an ancient lament by a widow for her departed husband—

Restless I lie
Within my lonely house,
For the loved one of my life
Has passed away.

Behold yon glistening star, so bright—
Perhaps 'tis my beloved friend
Returned to me again!
Oh, sire, return!
And tread with me again
The old loved paths.

Eruera Te Kahu and Ratana Ngahina, chiefs of the Ngatiapa tribe, led their people in a mourning chant, an adaptation of an old and oft-sung Apakura.

Place in his ear the precious jewel-stone.
The greenstone kahurangi,
Hang on his breast the koko-tangiwai.
Of glistening lucid jade.
O thou wert a prop within the house;
At the prow of the canoe thou wert,
Ears bent to the splashing sound of many paddles
In the waters of Voneke;
In the contentions of the People's Council.
Our prized kaka-bird has gone,
The plumes alone remain.

Next came the chiefs of the Greenstone Land—only two or three of them, but the big half-caste rangitira, Timoti Whiua (better known as George Robinson), made up in size for his people's sparsity of numbers. He is a man of almost gigantic stature, and he chanted his dirge with thrilling intensity:

Keen blows the Nor-West wind,
Wind from the Mountain-land,
Bringing sad thoughts of thee,
Where, O Hetana, art thou gone?
Perhaps in Council Hall thou'rt laid,
To await thy people's coming.
Yes, there lies thy mortal shell,
Resting at last
From its many, from its innumerable travels,
From its ceaseless goings to and fro.

The veteran, Wi Pere., ex-M. H. R., with his people, sang the next chant:

Afflictions deepest gloom
Enwraps this house.
For in it Seddon lies,
Whose death eats out our hearts.
'Twas he to whom we closest clung
In days gone by
O whispering northwest breeze,
Blow fair for me.
Waft me to Poneke
And taka me to the friend I loved
In days gone by.
O peoples all and tribes,
Raise the loud cry of grief;
For the Ship of Fate has passed
Port Jackson's distant cape,
And on the all-destroying sea
Our great one died.

The final scene was a dramatic climax. The songs, the high-pitched cries of farewell, cries almost of despair, had wrought both Maoris and pakehas up to a pitch of deepest feeling. Takarangi Mete Kingi rose to his feet, and, circling his mere round his head, cried the opening words of the waiata:

Whagaronge e te rau
Tenei te tupuna o te mate.

The effect was electrical. The people sprang to their feet, women and men, and, with the energetic chieftainesses Wiki and Utauta on opposite sides of the Wanganui and Ngatiaqa party, gesticulating and "pukana"ing with rolling eyes, they broke into a grand chorus—an old and well-remembered chant to Death. They stamped

and threw their arms this way and that, and the women waved aloft their leafy trophies of sorrow, as they chanted:

Hearken, O ye people
This is the parent of death,
Our common ancestor,
Who must embrace us all.
'Twas conceived in the Reinga
'Twas engendered in the Dark Sad Night.
'Tis but a breath from heaven
And we pass away for ever
We fall, and prone we lie,
And ever soundly sleep.
We slumber with our knees drawn up,
We slumber stricken in a heap.

Eyes rolling, feathers dancing, black tresses tossing, and weapons brandished in the air, the people ended their great song with a long-drawn "E-e." Takarangi, still quivering his mere in an excited hand, cried loud farewell higher and higher, until he almost screamed it—

Depart! Depart! Depart!

CHAPTER XII.

The following interesting article I cull from the Utica Globe of October 27, 1906, believing it would be appropriate to these pages and of interest to my readers:

Of all the savages England has sought to civilize, the development of the Maoris, as the aborigines of New Zealand are called, stands out as the greatest achievement. Only a couple of generations back the Maoris were cannibals; to-day their descendants are members of Parliament and hold other offices of trust and responsibility under the government. They are faithful public servants, and, perhaps, more remarkable, they are honest ones. For years after its discovery by Tasman and Cook, explorers shunned New Zealand because it was peopled by man-eating tribes. It was known to be rich in timber and minerals, while the waters abounded with whale and seal, but the cannibals were feared. Finally, however, the whites entered and began trading and then came the missionaries, who directed their efforts toward uprooting cannibalism. It took years to Christianize the Maoris and then to bring them to terms with the British government, which was not accomplished without two great wars. Finally they were beaten, but never conquered. However, when they did finally make a treaty, it was a lasting one, and they have lived up to it to this day.

A wonderful people are the Maoris. In their primitive state they were brave and high-spirited, possessing a nobility of character higher than any other aborigines

Photo by W. F. Cheesman, Lake Placid, N. Y.

discovered by the English. There is an artistic instinct in the New Zealander that has never died out. They possess a wonderful gift of wood carving, and the work that has been done with the rude tools of stone and shell rivals the gold and silver workings of the Aztecs. Each tribe or clan had a style of ornament of its own, and from father to son the gift seemed to be handed down. Most of their work was lavished on the tribal meeting houses, and also the houses of their feudal chiefs were richly decorated, every inch of space being curiously carved. They even went so far as to decorate the posts upon which the houses were raised, a couple of feet above the ground, and every timber was worked over in some way.

These natives never forgot their love of fighting, even in the artistic. They would build a high stockade entirely around their villages, and every few feet would erect a large wooden figure, grotesquely carved about the face to represent tattooing, another art in which they excelled, and the rest of the body richly decorated. The Maori artists were grotesquely humorous beyond common acceptance, perhaps, when dealing with life, but the work was always finely decorative and fitted to the object intended.

Every man in the clan was tattooed, according to his standing and achievements, in a most wonderful way, and even the women tattooed their chins and bodies.

The English point with pardonable pride to the development of the Maoris. Only a few generations back their one motive or object in life was to fight, for this they had tribal organization; all their ceremonies contemplated war; it was not only the final settlement of all kinds of disputes, but often the amusement of their leisure, when there was, for the moment, nothing else to

do. They built their well-intrenched villages on strategic points, and were ever ready to give battle to the first comer. Their object was to fight, not so much to win or for gain; but to fight; and to win without a hard fight was no satisfaction to the victors.

The origin of the Maoris is a much-disputed point; it is, however, certain that they are of the stock that peopled all of Polynesia, who came eastward from the Indies through Malaysia. Many tribes or packs spread to the Sandwich Islands, to Tahiti and Samoa, preserving, under dialetic forms, the names of their long-ago home, and affixing it to some part of the new one. Hawaii preserved the tradition of a land called by the Maoris Hawaiiki.

To-day they are a changed people, and the warlike spirit is lacking to a marked degree in the new generations.

It is a sad fact, but true, that the commingling with the white race has greatly changed the Maori. He no longer can do the striking and beautiful wood carving that his ancestor created with rude instruments of green stone and jade. Their hand has lost its touch; the originality gone, they can only copy in a half-hearted way the work that in years agone was a pleasure and joy to their fathers. They have, however, made wonderful advances along educational lines, being naturally intelligent, eager to learn, and quick to take advantage of every opportunity, falling into the ways of the whites almost as a second nature. What a glowing tribute to the progress of the Maori people is given when it is realized that a number of Maoris have been elected to the Parliament of New Zealand, and ably represent their people in a country so well governed that it compels the

admiration of the world, while their ancestors, only a couple of generations ago, were out-and-out cannibals. The Maori squaws of yesterday are thinking women of to-day, and have been given the right to vote.

It is a sad fact that the Maoris are rapidly decreasing in numbers; the change from the old life of activity and freedom in their lofty mountain homes to the lazy existence in cities close to the sea has impaired the health of the present generation, and each year many succumb to that dread disease. the white plague, which is widely spreading among the people."

Such is the country we have been travelling through; a country where all classes work only forty-eight hours a week; one half-day being granted, not necessarily on a Saturday, but as best suits the employer. The railways, etc., are owned by the government; in fact, it is plainly evident, that the affairs of New Zealand are run by the people and for the people, an example that might well be followed by older countries.

CHAPTER XIII.

We now with considerable regret, yet tinged with the longing for further travel, proceed to take our tickets for Sydney, New South Wales, one of the principal cities on the Australian continent, and wend our way to the wharf where we get on board the ss. Arawata, which is to be our floating home for the next four or five days. We soon clear Foveaux Straits, and for the first time in many days our prow is turned northward.

On our second day out, and in the deepening shades of evening, we saw what was thought to be a ship on fire, but which, on a nearer approach turned out to be a whaling vessel "trying-out," the glare seen being the fires under the huge coppers in which the blubber was being melted. It was a notable sight, the deck of the vessel all alight, the forms of the men visible fluttering hither and thither, seemed almost to pertain to the supernatural. We soon leave the whaler in its lonesome pursuit, and the next morning we can just make out the reflection on the clear sky of the coast line of that vast island, Australia, on which we expect to land on the morrow.

Sure enough, at early morn of the fourth day we pass between the two headlands that form the entrance to Sydney harbor, one of the finest natural harbors in the world. On the one side is a lofty headland, on which is mounted a battery of heavy guns that could sink a ship in the offing, the said ship not being able to elevate its guns sufficient to return the fire with any effect. On

the other side lays Manly Beach, a charming little seaside resort, much frequented by the inhabitants of the city. Right ahead is the entrance to the Paramatta River, over whose bosom notable boat races have been won and lost, and at the head of which are immense orange orchards, where oranges of different varieties are grown for home consumption. It was right here that our photographic artist, E. C. Cheesman, made good use of his opportunities. Proceeding up the harbor we have that fashionable suburb, the North Shore, on our right; and on the left are Woolloomoolloo and Cow Bay, where the government vessels lie. Beyond these, a short distance, we reach our wharf, Circular Quay, where a large number of steamers and sailing craft were loading for all parts of the globe. Here we land, and realize that we are in the city that has been aptly termed the "Queen of the South."

We proceed up Pitt street and take up our quarters at "Punch's Hotel," well pleased to make the acquaintance of a good and stationary bed, even though having been only four days on shipboard. A most noticable difference of climate is perceptible to that we have just left; here the air is warm and balmy, producing that "tired feeling" that is always felt in tropical and semi-tropical countries, and we linger on the piazza till late at night gazing at the magnificently clear and star lit sky, that wonderful constellation, the Southern Cross, being plainly visible, and which marks the time in the heavens at night as does the sun in the day; the Southern Cross being exactly perpendicular at midnight.

Starting off after breakfast we make for the park, called the Domain, which covers an immense area of undulating land, well timbered, and beautiful walks,

bordered on the one side by the waters of the harbor. Here we visit an historic seat and trysting place, which is named after the wife of a former Governor, "Lady Maquarie's Chair."

Adjoining the park is the suburb of Woolloomoolloo, where we visit the large and scrupulously clean fish market. Entering the market what a sight meets one's gaze; heaps of glittering fish of every variety, with shellfish galore, are piled all over the place in abundance. The local dealers, after making their purchases, rush it on to their wagons and hurry off to retail to their customers.

Cutting across the park we walk down King street and into George street, where we view the handsome post office building and many other up-to-date stores, etc. A step or two to the left and we are on the "Rocks," a portion of old Sydney, which lies on a rocky elevation high above the main city. Here the streets are narrow and decline steeply to the piers at their base. This is strictly "Jack's" particular section, every store being devoted to supplying him with every description of maritime need, from a needle to an anchor.

Retracing our steps to George street we take seats on the top of a "bus" for a trip to Botany Bay, the one-time penal settlement, but now a beautifully laid out pleasure resort. Lying on the brink of the bay from which it takes its name it is an ideal spot, and is visited by the city people and others with never failing interest. A short distance from here is the pumping station which supplies Sydney with water. In another direction are quicksands that have claimed many victims; anything, large or small, being immediately engulfed in this treacherous desert.

We here met some of the original inhabitants of Australia, the aboriginals; short, miserable specimens of humanity; in fact they are classed as the lowest order of human being, and have not, perchance, had time enough to obliterate their Darwinian ancestors. The "gin" (woman) is slightly more advanced. They live on snakes and other reptiles, with a rat or two thrown in as a dessert, and receive rations and blankets from the government. They are expert trackers across the vast sandy deserts in pursuit of evil-doers and are expert in the use of the boomerang, a heavy curved stick, which they can throw and hit an object behind a tree; in fact, they can throw it in a direct line from themselves and cause it to return to their feet; but it would be impossible to describe how it is done.

Having seen all that was possible we resume our seats and start back for Sydney. It being now dusk we can see the shimmering lights of this handsomely laid out city, and a magnificent and never-to-be-forgotten scene it was.

We get off at Lower George street to visit "Paddy's Market," as it is called, and here we join the throng who are pushing and trading in every known article that can be mentioned, and it would be hard to say what you could not purchase here; each huxter loudly proclaiming his pre-eminence. Strolling up Pitt street we view the Herald office, Punch's Hotel, etc., and reach home tired but well pleased.

To-morrow we will take one of the "60-milers" (as the steamers are called) to take a glimpse of Newcastle, the coal mine of Australia, and from where coal is shipped to all points east and west.

Bright and early we get on board one of the palatial boats that ply on this route, whose fittings are not to be excelled by any of our crack liners, and in three hours or so we are entering the "Nuggets," the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor. Rounding the breakwater we behold a fleet of vessels of all sizes and description loading "black diamonds;" the noise of the coal as it is poured down the shutes is deafening and continuous. Here we were shown an immense natural bathing pool amid the rocks, a basin, over the sides of which the waves poured in to overflow elsewhere.

Being purely a seaport we were not greatly interested so it was decided to take the boat leaving that night for Adelaide, South Australia. Steaming along the coast we pass, beside numerous other places, Wallaroo, a great copper mining district, then in turn Glenelg, the mail landing seaside resort, and after navigating very tortuous waters we reach Port Adelaide, which is nine miles distant from the City of Adelaide.

On landing we visit the dockyard, etc. It was here, too, that we received an invitation to visit a well-known farmer and bird-catcher on the Peninsula. The manner of proceedure was thus: Two large frames with netting are laid open on the ground with strings leading from them to a hut erected in the nearby bush, and from which the man watches and manipulates the contrivance. In the center of this are placed call birds and grain, and when a flock of shell parrots, known as "love birds," pass over, the well trained call birds do their part and the flock descends, when hundreds are captured, caged and exported to all parts of the globe.

We were likewise shown an endless variety of parrots and other birds. One of the drawbacks was the large

Photo by W. F. Cheesman, Lake Placid, N. Y.

number of reptiles; frilled lizards, blind lizards, snakes, etc., keeping one on the look out both in the open and bush, but in course of time they will be a thing of the past.

After an enjoyable day we return to our hotel, ready for a good night's rest and an early start for the City of Adelaide. We duly arrive at the city and proceed to walk around and admire the wide and well-kept streets and handsome buildings. We then take a trip up the Blue Mountains, the road bed on which is cut on the face of the mountain side, a perfect zig-zag; you could almost jump from the locomotive on to the rear car of the train, so sharp were the curves.

It was here we were agreeably surprised by our guide. After leaving the train we clamber up the steep ascent and finally reach a plateau. Facing us in the distance was another lofty peak. We had now the opportunity of testing the celebrated echo of which we had heard so much. We howled, whistled and hello'd, and it came back to us from that distant peak as distinct as from a gramaphone.

Hearing a peculiar cry from another direction, our guide answered it. Coo-ee-ee, is the nearest spelling of the call that is used by the shepherd, bushman, city dweller, lady, gentleman, or child. It is generally used as a means of attracting attention. The shepherds on the hills can make one another hear from great distances.

While up in the mountains we had an experience of a "southerly buster," a veritable hurricane of hot wind with clouds of dust that permeated everything.

In this section of the country there abounds a white ant that travels in myriads, turning neither to the right nor left, but eating their way through everything,

houses, barns and walls. It is not an unusual thing for a bullock to drop dead in its tracks; and should a wayfarer happen to pass that way an hour or so after, he would only find the skeleton, the ants having eaten every particle of meat and hide. Having visited everything in the vicinity we return to the Port, intending to remain there and rest up before taking passage on one of the steamships that go round Cape Horn.

CHAPTER XIV.

The day of departure has arrived and we get our trunks on board, and in one sense glad to turn our faces homeward; but still wishing we had the time to penetrate further into this vast and interesting country.

Arriving on board our floating home we find the usual leave takings going on. Some old Colonials, who have made their "pile," are going to visit the Old Country; others are taking their children over to be placed in some university; all seeming to be imbued with the one idea though—that of coming back—and who would blame them for wishing to return to the land of sunshine and plenty.

The ropes are cast off from the dock, the good-by's called in varied tones, and the oft uttered request, "Mind you write," and we are again breasting the tide toward the open sea, not to see a glimpse of terra firma for some fifteen days or so.

As on the outward passage the weather is only suitable for amusement below, except for the old voyager who constantly takes his walk on deck no matter what the weather is like; and thus it goes on day by day till we reach that most dreary and desolate spot, Cape Horn, situated at the southern extremity of Patagonia (Terra del Fuego, or land of fire), the two forming the Straits of Magellan.

Here, only the plaintive cry of the seal, the roar of the sea lion and the shriek of the various sea birds are heard; the Albatross, measuring 14 to 16 feet from one

wing tip to the other; the Mollyhawk, the equal of the Albatross; the beautifully-marked Cape pigeon, the Sea Gull and the tiny Stormy Petrel, who seek no shelter except the lea of the high running waves, are the only denizens of this vast waste of water and barren shores. Here, in the winter months, the sun only rises for some two or three hours then dips again; but a benificent providence has provided against total darkness by the Aurora Borealis and the myriads of stars which leaves it as a summer evening twilight. In the summer season these conditions are reversed.

Leaving Cape Horn far behind and skirting the land we alternately pass the mouth of the River Platte and Buenos Ayres, from whence a large number of cattle are exported yearly. Still further north and we pass Santos, the most southern port of any note in Brazil, and in due course we once more enter the heads leading into the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, where we have to take in coal to complete the voyage.

As soon as the anchor was let go we engage a boat and off we go to stretch our legs and have a view of this large and typical city. Like all tropical cities white is the predominant color, with green blinds to keep the fierce rays of the sun out. Two noticeable features are to be found here, the incessant blowing of the bugles by the soldiery and the never-ceasing clanging of the bells of the numerous churches.

We take the eletric car for Bota Foga, the residential section of the English speaking residents of Rio, and a place worth seeing. Imagine a double row of palms and other tropical trees extending for miles, here and there seats, electric lights gleaming among the leaves as so many fireflies, while excellent music falls on the ear in

unison with the rippling laughter of the many richly dressed women and men who saunter along in full enjoyment of all this natural beauty. As a background to this are high mountains, while for a frontispiece there is the noble harbor with its forts silhoueted on its mirror like surface, and the numberless vessels lying at anchor, while others are only to be noticed by their lights as they ply about the harbor to their various destinations. Truly a scene from fairyland, and one not soon forgotten. We return to the jetty and proceed on board. By morning the coal is on board, the custom's officials have given the captain his clearance papers, and we steam down the harbor and out through the heads, and Rio de Janeiro is but a memory.

With our bows again pointing north we in turn pass Rio Grande, Bahia and Pernambuco, all said places being in the Brazil. A few days and again the glad cry of "Land, ho" is heard, and away in the distance, as if piercing the clouds, lies the Peak of Teneriffe, which is visible in clear weather for some thirty miles. We soon get near enough to enjoy the view, and from here telegraphic messages will be forwarded to the several merchants who have freight on the vessel, which will enable them to judge of her probable arrival and place it on the market.

We drop anchor in the bay, from whence we can plainly see the pretty little village on the mountain side, the little white buildings being apparently one above the other. We here had the opportunity of seeing a catamaran, it is used as a boat, consisting of two logs (one large, the other small) separated by two bamboo poles, and carrying a large sail, the smaller log keeping this peculiar craft from capsizing, and on which they go out in any sort of weather.

After a brief stay we are off again, the weather gradually getting cooler, and we pass Barbadoes, Trinidad, Martinique and other islands of the West Indies. A few days later we catch a glimpse of Bermuda, and are now on the "home stretch," for ere long we will land on the dock in the North River, feeling all the better in health and proud of the experience of having seen so many strange sights and the different people with whom we have mingled, that we would honestly recommend one and all to go and do likewise.

CHAPTER XV.

It was a glad moment when we sighted Sandy Hook and viewed the many steam and sailing vessels making their way to or from that great market, New York; and soon we pass under the shadow of the statue of Liberty, then to the dock at Hoboken. Landing we take the ferryboat and cross the North River, intending to remain a day or two in the metropolis, when after doing the sights we take train at the Grand Central station en route for our starting point, Lake Placid.

Early next morning we arrive at Lake Clear station change cars for home; and it is only those that have been away for a while realize the great import of that word and the intensity of its meaning. Reaching Lake Placid we jump out as lively and boisterous as a lot of boys coming home from school; we "shake" with anybody and everybody, so pleased are we to get back.

We take "foot's horses" for it, and start up the hill with no thought of its steepness, but only of the beauties that we know awaits our view at the top. We had seen the Rimutaka Mountains and others; but when we stood on the brow of the hill and gazed upon old Whiteface and the rest, it appealed to the whole bunch as none of the others had.

It was, indeed, a most agreeable surprise to see the large number of improvements that had been made in our mountain home; the electric light, the vastly improved water system, the main street macadamized and the many new buildings erected, and to add to the sur-

prise, a park. All these, with the gigantic improvements made to the hotels go to make Lake Placid the "resort of resorts," for it stands unique in the breadth and length of its ever-changing scenery; hills and dales, mountains and lakes, timber and open; the whole blending into an exquisite panorama, creating a spot where the weary and exhausted may find that perfect rest necessary to build up the vitality of the tired body and the overwrought brain. Improvements may go on, but the natural formation as created by the hands of the great Architect of the Universe can never be improved upon, but will stand to the end of time as a monument to his glory.

We had put up at innumerable hotels at many places, but cannot recall one where the surroundings were equal to any of those of Lake Placid; for here they are nestled on the brink of the lake or at the foot of a mountain; others are perched on the top of some lofty prominence, from which magnificent views of lake and mountain can be seen, with every requisite at hand for the sportsman on land or water, leaving nothing to be desired.

Another phase of life in Placid appealed to us, the fall and winter. In the lands we had visited they knew not the music of the sleigh bells or the exhilaration of skating and other winter sports; never even having had the "pleasure" of getting a snowball in their ear; for there they have no snow in the valleys, but only on the highest mountain tops.

At the antipodes their seasons are directly opposite to ours. Christmas time is the height of their summer and picnics are the order of the day; but it seemed more natural to us to be able to sit by a good log fire and gaze out of window at the falling snow and the frozen lakes, with the pure and bracing air and the odor of the pine.

We are again sitting on the piazza of the hotel from whence we started on our travels, all being highly pleased with our varied experience, but still the universal opinion was expressed, that there was no place on earth to beat our mountain home, Lake Placid, and the places we had visited only accentuated the glorious beauties which abound here on every side.

So now, having brought my party safely back to Lake Placid, and hoping that they have enjoyed themselves as much as the writer has, I, with some regret lay down my pen and say "Au revoir."

Yours respectfully,

"PAKEHA MAORI."

Grand View Hotel, Lake Placid, N. Y.

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